THE JOURNAL.

W. R. HEARST.

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THE WEATHER.

Official forecasts for to-day indicate that it will be cloudy and threatening, with snow or rain; east winds.

It looks as if conspiracy and Campos had arrived in Spain at the same time.

An American war ship in the harbor of Havana just now seems a prime necessity.

Judge Gaynor seems inclined to check the flood of revolution in Long Island City.

The President of Mexico seems in full accord with President Cleveland that the "pug" must go.

Morton and Allison is the ticket put forward by a tentative genius who wants to sound the situation.

The Board of Health evidently believes in no milk-and-water measures in its control of the milk dealers.

Light which penetrates steel an eighth of an inch thick certainly ought to find its way to most men's brains.

The story goes that Dunraven has sent a full and ample apology. Now let him retire from the yachting field.

Raines announces that he intends to push his bill. This is not a case where one can say "Good thing. Push it along!"

Speaker Reed seems to be a little shaken in the wind these days. Some of his old friends are up in arms against him.

The Anti-Consolidationists will rally in force at Albany on Tuesday. Mayor Wurster, of Brooklyn, will head the delegation.

If the tiger's head is larger than usual this morning, it will be because it quaffed once too often from the loving cup last night.

Twenty miles of trolley lines in upper New York since last year. And yet we said once upon a time that we would not admit this monster.

When the Liberals move that in the Venezuelan matter arbitration ought to be applied by Great Britain, Salisbury will see the beginning of the end.

The Ohio ladies are supported by the Supreme Court in their exercise of the suffrage in the choice of school boards. Now every State will have to give them the same privilege.

Mr. Joe Chamberlain wants President Krueger to come up to London and talk with him. Why doesn't the Hon. Joe visit the Cape and see some of the results of his new policy?

Maine seems to have a corner on the control of Congress this year. With Reed in the House and Frye in the chair of the President of the Senate, and Dingley and Boutelle buzzing round, the Pine Tree State is distinctly to the fore.

PUGILISM "KNOCKED OUT."

President Cleveland never did a more praiseworthy deed than when he signed the bill, just passed by Congress, making it a punishable offence to attempt prize fighting within the limits of the United States. This country has been afflicted for several years with a revival of the brutal pastime of pitting two over-trained men against each other in a ring, to fight to exhaustion, and sometimes to the very verge of death, for a prize. This has been done in bold defiance of the clearly expressed wish of the majority that America should not be disgraced by the spectacle of such contests, which the higher civilization long ago rejected as barbarous, unclean, proving nothing. Prize fighters are generally ignoramuses, with ungovernable vanity and appetite for the liquor which inebriates without cheering. They speak an almost incomprehensible slang, made up from expressions used in the stews and slums of London; and one of the worst legacies which they are leaving us, as they ignominiously depart from the public view, is this "jargon," which has in some unaccountable manner found its way into the speech of the people.

Brutality is the watchword of this type of men, than whom nothing more utterly useless was ever known. In this time of great scientific achievements, splendid victories over matter by mind, it has long been a grief to right-thinking men that some pampered Hercules, who never has done anything better than to batter God's image into defacement, should be allowed to strut about with a following which, in point of numbers, no great politician, poet, or scientist could hope a rival.

The cool defiance of law shown by these Brummagem heroes has perhaps been the most astonishing feature of their career. This demoralizing indifference to legal obstacles to their degrading game is now rendered impossible. The wise pugilist in future will be that one who carefully confines the display of his fleshly charms to the theatrical stage, to the "living picture" rather than the ring, and who carefully abstains from looking upon the intoxicating liquor when it is so red that it tempts him to paint the town of the same fierce color. The day of privileges is past; shape and muscle are to be relegated to their proper places, which are in quite different fields from those where the pugilist has flourished for the past decade.

The wisdom of the Legislature in deciding that it is a crime to open a barber shop in Brooklyn on Sunday, but is legal in New York and Saratoga, is affirmed by the courts.

FIGHT THE COAL TRUST.

It is said that the combination of coal barons, which proposed, before it was shown up by the Journal, to make the poor pay a higher price for their coal this Winter, is in a humbler mood since it has heard that the Legislature is paying some attention to its case. An amendment to the present law on Trusts can be had, if it is found necessary. Senator Cantor's anti-Coal-Trust resolution will doubtless receive prompt attention when it comes up again on Monday. Perhaps it may be found advisable to have a legislative committee of investigation, if the proceedings of the Attorney-General are likely to be too anodyne. If that functionary thinks, for instance, that the Trust cannot be prosecuted under the present law, the quicker we have an amended law the better.

It would be lamentable if the schemers for extra profit, to be drawn from the pockets of those who have to calculate their expenses very closely, could escape prosecution through a quibble. Evidently a combination to increase the cost of carrying coal means to raise the price of the article itself. It is a bad time just now for Trusts to juggle with the law. The people are quite out of patience with that sort of thing. And in their attempt to defend their rights, and to protect themselves against pillagers, they will have the Journal with them every time.

Every one conversant with the condition of the poor in the metropolis asserts that it would be extremely cruel to them to advance the price of coal this Winter. It is because their circumstances oblige them to buy in small quantities that any increase is severely felt. Let us put obstacles in the way of the hard-hearted combinations, which think only of money results, and care nothing for the misery which they cause.

Down with the Coal Trust!

The board of engineers who surveyed the Nicaragua Canal route think the canal can be built for $133,000,000. Let Congress remember that it cannot be built at all if there is too much delay.

THE WONDER YEAR.

Eighteen Hundred and Ninety-six opens with such a dazzling procession of superb discoveries in the domain of science that it is likely to take rank as "the wonder year." We live in an age of marvels, and it takes almost a miracle to astonish us. But how marvellous are these constant victories over matter—these conquests which mean the amelioration of the human race! Diseases which have been terrors since the dawn of civilization are henceforth to be curable at will. The mysteries of our poor feeble bodies, which have long baffled the research of the sages, are to be mysteries no longer. By the light of the scientist surgical practice is transfigured, and its capacities are infinitely enlarged. Roentgen, in the calm seclusion of his study in the Wurzburg vale, discovers the process by which the interior of a living human body can be photographed. He takes from radiant heat a light of extraordinary penetrative power, and throws it, by means of a Crookes tube, upon the object to be photographed. Lo! this our dwelling place—the habitation of our souls—has no longer any secrets from the eye of the surgeon. We sit down before him literally "in our bones." Life gains a terrible sincerity from this sudden step forward in investigation. There will no longer be suspense and uncertainty in disease which is ravaging the internal organs. The march of the malady can be studied step by step, and science will know how to seize at its inception the diseases which of old had already gained mastery before they were attacked.

Two or three centuries ago Professor Roentgen would have been burned at the stake for his "discovery"—which would have been attributed to sorcery. So, for that matter, would that beneficent wizard, Edison, who has conferred benefits innumerable upon the race, and who is now working, with his wonted enthusiasm, upon the enlargement—the practical adaptation of Roentgan's discovery. He will photograph the human brain. He has sworn to do it, and he will. Stupendous as the achievement seems, behind him lie such lofty triumphs that we can believe anything possible in his future. Experimenting in his laboratory at Menlo Park, he has come upon a discovery hardly less in importance than that of Roentgen. With a Crookes tube of his own manufacture he has obtained a light which penetrates steel an eighth of an inch thick. While experimenting to get a light which would pierce the skull and photograph the brain, he came upon this other astonishing "find." The history of Mr. Edison's investigations is full of these charming surprises. On the way to one grand result he finds by the way a dozen other amazing things. In his "brain pockets" are stored an hundred inventions, which he has "side-tracked," as it were, until he can get time to work them up. But with true American practicality he goes straight to the capital thing which is made possible by the happy outcome of Roentgen's research. "Let us photograph the living brain," he says. One feels a certain reverence in hearing these words. We are on the threshold of a mighty epoch. It is as if one should say, knowing that at last it were possible: "Let us photograph the soul."

Is this not indeed a wonder year? Never was life so well worth living as now. Never did it seem so likely to become a triumphant and jubilant period of noble and inspiring action. Light—the divine force which thrills the whole universe with its rays—is lessening the dangers of disease, and leading the way to remedies which once would have been thought absolutely impossible. A wonder year indeed when Professor Ball, the great English astronomer, announces his belief that Science will yet give us a complete account of the system of the Universe, leading back to the omnipotent First Cause. Does this seem to touch upon irreverence? There is none more reverent than the astronomer. The scientific investigator is the true worshipper. Roentgen, showing us our skeletons beneath our garment of flesh; Edison, peering into the sentient brain; Brieger, successfully separating the poisonous and other substances in diphtheria bacilli; Edson, flushing the system with the aseptolin which will stay the ravages of consumption; all these workers for humanity are thrilled through and through with the sacredness of their tasks. A gleam from the supernal light which is making the world such a new place to dwell in hovers about their brows. There are to be no more Dark Ages. This is the Age of Light, and the age that follows it will be that of Joy. The prayer of the dying Goethe for "more light!"—that passionate outcry of a grand soul for the world's greatest need—has been heeded at last.

Brer Platt is breathing the Washington air just for a change. Nothing connected with the delivery of goods to Brer Reed, of course.

THE AGITATION IN SPAIN.

The spectacle of a few thousand people in procession in Madrid, shouting "Long live the Republic!" in the teeth of the gendarmes, is very instructive. It indicates that the Spanish people is not far from one of those crises which are only dispelled by a change of monarchs, or some substantial concessions from the governing powers. After Madrid usually comes Valencia, with a grand demonstration in favor of "La Libertad;" and then the whole Peninsula springs into flame, and the regiments of boys cannot be shipped over seas to Cuba, because they are needed to chastise the rebellion at home.

Some day, of course, the Republic will spring from this agitation, as Venus sprang from her shell amid the foamy surges; but it is not safe to prophesy it yet. With Castelar turned Ichabod, and a man of the mettle and talent of Campos supporting and counselling the Queen, Republicans have but a poor chance. It is worth observing that the agitation in Spain makes for Cuban independence. An ambitious man, with no sense of danger, and an ambition capable of leading him either to death or success, could upset everything in Spain in fifteen days. But it is not certain that he could put the Republic in its place. Nothing is certain in Spain but the unforeseen. The indications are that there will soon be a grand overturn there.

Mr. Croker's speech at the elaborate dinner given him at the Hotel Savoy displays his old political sagacity. He went right to the point with a good solid lecture on harmony, its profits and its blessings, and the Tammany braves fingered their tomahawks nervously while he talked. If there was here and there a brave who would rather have used his weapon upon some other member of Tammany than on the enemy, he kept silence, and perhaps he profited by the ex-Boss's advice. No mention was made by the leader of any intention to lead again; and he might be thought to be temporarily more interested in race tracks than in politics. But we can tell better about that when politics get hotter.

The application for the pardon of John Y. McKane will shortly be laid before the Governor. McKane was a grave offender against the security of democratic institutions in this State. His "rotten borough" was a severe menace to the free action of honest elections. He was prosecuted with vigor, and not an honest man's hand would have been lifted to save him from his doom. But nothing particular would be gained by prolonging his punishment. The Journal urged his conviction, and now that his power is utterly lost, and his kingdom passed away, it sees no objection to his pardon. The very name of his bailiwick has gone. He could not set up his power again if he were to try. And he will never try. In the breaking of the ring he was broken, too. And so he will remain.

Morton Portfolioist and Cabineteer.

Morton, with an honesty as flawless as his courage is without a fault; with a method abrupt, brittle, yet lucid as a spring, is one of the best of the portfolioists. Where Morton was reared diplomacy is direct, and they eat dinner at noon. No frills, no flounces go with Morton. What he thinks he says, and, having said, abides bitterly thereby.

Morton is now sixty-three. His wife has been dead these fourteen years, but Morton mourns her like a lover, and never names her without a choke and a tear.

There are four big Morton sons—all men of successful business. It is in sort pathetic, and a lesson, too, when one observes the love Morton has for these boys of his, and they for him. They will visit him in Washington, and when they leave it is as if the sun ceased to shine for Morton.

His grandchildren are the jewels of his soul. He gets reams of letters from them, and exultantly reads them to visitors. Their pictures, clustered about his office, tell how much and how deeply they abide in his heart.

Morton is a man of powerful mind and wealth of latent war in Morton. He loves wealth of talent war in Morton. He loves battle for its own sake, and instinctively takes side with the minority. So prone is he to contest that it has fairly furnished many of his convictions. He has more than one opinion into which he has backed like a horse into a set of thills. Morton finds somebody with a view, and his instinct is to assail it. Not so much to correct the view or change the man's conviction on that point as to make it a casus belli and pull on a war. In this way Morton dons views opposite to those he assails as a detail of battle. Then when the war is over and his foe with the opposite opinions has departed, he will still wear the ones he adopted.

If Morton had been reared in Wall Street he would have been for free silver. Were he to have spent his youth south of Mason and Dixon's line, he would have been an abolitionist. Morton will always face an environment and fight with it.

Yet, accepting a trust, no one is more faithful to it. To-day Cleveland has no more disinterested adviser near him. And Cleveland is perfectly aware of that, too.

"What do they think of my goose-bone weather bureau?" asked Morton, the other day, when I met him in Washington. "Since the scientists left the bureau I can't see but we produce as much weather as we ever did.

"Science as applied to Governmental affairs," continued Morton, "is a great boon. Once when my Weather Chief was a man of deep science, our fellow at Baker City, Oregon, failed for four days to send in a weather report. My star scientist laid a memorial to that effect before me. It was replete with whereases and wound up with a recommendation. It set forth that 'whereas,' the man at Baker City Observatory hadn't said a weather thing for four days, and ended with a recommendation that our scientist at San Francisco be directed to proceed at an expense not to exceed $150 to Baker City, search the observatory and the man in charge for the reasons of his silence and send the solemn result to us.

"Now, this was the scientific way to make the discovery touching our mute agent in Baker City. Being somewhat of a grounding myself, I concluded to adopt the scientific method only after ordinary means had failed.

"It was a great shock to my learned Weather Chief, but instead of dispatching the San Francisco scientist, I picked up a telegraph blank, and addressing the dumb party at Baker City, said:

"'Why haven't you sent weather report for last four days?'

"In an hour he replied, at a total cost of 75 cents:

"'Because the wires were down until this morning.'

"This cleared up the mystery. It was not scientific, and while it was effectual I could see that I fell horribly in the opinion of my scientific chief. He hadn't a particle of confidence in me after that, and regarded me as essentially vulgar in my system.

"Of course," went on the Secretary, "I wouldn't say a word to discourage scientific research; it is an excellent thing, especially when Uncle Sam pays the bill. Did you note the small brick house at the east end of my building? It holds one of our choicest possessions; science gave it to us. It's a bug.

"Per se you wouldn't call him much of a bug. His habits are indolent, and his countenance, when you catch its expression under the microscope, shows him to be a morose, sullen insect, and lacking in sociable spirit. But that bug—and this makes him valuable—cost Uncle Sam $20,000.

"A party of our scientists determined on his capture—it seems we needed him for some purpose not clear just now—and they hit his trail. They surged in wild pursuit of his bugship as far north as Alaska and as far south as Darien. They climbed mountains and ransacked valleys. Their horns were heard on every hill, their cries in every canyon. Never a stick nor stone was left unturned in North America. These indomitable scientists were after this bug, and in the bright lexicon of science there is no such word as escape for a bug once he's needed.

"At last this high and lofty insect was treed and taken alive. A cordon of professors surrounded him and he was dragged in triumph to the capital, just as the Roman chiefs aforetime brought their prisoners to march at their chariot wheels through Rome.

"I've got him now under lock and key, prisoner to the bow and spear of science. I don't know what to do with him; but he cost so much that naturally I hang to him. You may see him in his little dungeon out in the brick structure I indicated. The expense of rounding him up was, as I stated, $20,000. That makes him distinguished as the most expensive bug on earth.

"Another of our scientists had a theory. He would import the gypsy moth of Europe and force one of our local moths—an insect of no vast spirit or fine sensibilities, by the way—into a mesalliance with him. The offspring were to take some heroic part in silk culture, I believe; at any rate, they had an assignment of great moment picked out in advance of their existence.

"When the scientist returned from Europe with his gypsy moths, he had these alien birds nicely caged in mosquito netting. Placing them in an airy retreat, near a second-story window—this was at a town in Massachusetts—our scientist sped forth to abduct a few moths, local, as I say, to Massachusetts, to become, willy nilly, mates of the moths from over the sea.

"While he was abroad on this praiseworthy and essentially scientific mission the net of the bridegroom gypsy moths blew out of the window, and they went forth into the State of Massachusetts. They multiplied and waxed exceeding numerous. They voraciously assailed stalk and tree and standing grass. They devoured leaf and blade and ate up every green and esculent thing save Congressman Morse. The locusts of Egypt were an abscmious, not to say a toothless lot, compared to this unwitting importation of gypsy moths and their ferocious descendants.

"This was only a handful of years ago, yet the Legislature of Massachusetts has already been driven to an appropriation of over $400,000 to do battle with these gypsy moths and save as much of the State from them as may be. Science is all right, but its devotees, as they plunge in its pursuit, should reflect on its two-edged characteristics; be careful and go slow."

A. H. L.

Fathers Who Should Be Muzzled.

"Some people in this world ought to be muzzled," remarked the blue-eyed girl.

"They ought," returned the auburn-haired girl, "and they are not women, either."

"Of course not; they"——

"Yes, 'nd they usually consider themselves models of discretion, too. It sets me wild when papa has knocked down and walked over some nice little air castle I've been building to have him take refuge behind the fact that he has been merely telling the truth!"

"Naturally. Of course one ought always to tell the truth, though, to my mind, it is not an actual necessity to tell the whole truth."

"Of course it isn't; it would only gain you a reputation for eccentricity if you did."

"I know. Of course I adore papa and all that sore of thing—why, I inherited my straight nose and curly hair from him—but I do wish sometimes that he cared more for solitude."

"Why, that is just what I often wish in the case of my own father. He comes into the room every time Harry makes his appearance and talks to him. Calls it putting him at his ease! Oh, if you could only see Harry's face when he does it!"

"It is not necessary," sighed the blue-eyed girl; "I know all about it myself. What do you think papa did the other evening? Mr. Swellstyle was coming and I happened to see Fred cross the street. Now I didn't want him to come in, because"——

"Needless to explain, dear. Go on."

"Yes. So I told the maid to excuse me on the plea of a headache. Just as she was telling him papa came into the hall. 'What's that?' he cried. 'A headache? Nonsense; it can't be a bad one, because she told me a bit ago that she was expecting a pleasant evening with that young Swellstyle. Walk right in, my boy; the more the merrier!'"

"My gracious! Did he come in?"

"He had to; papa made him. Sat and glared at me for twenty minutes, then excused himself on the plea that he had another call to make. He hasn't been back since, either."

"H'm, was that last Tuesday evening?" asked the auburn-haired girl.

"Why, yes, it was. Why do you ask?"

"Nothing. Only I saw the lights go up in Elsie's parlor about 9 o'clock that evening. Well, I know how to sympathize with you, dear. Did I tell you what happened the last time that Jack called?"

"No, but I saw him yesterday with that bread-and-butter Smiler girl."

"Did you? So did I. His sister, horrid thing, used to go to school with me, and she told him that I was two years his senior. Of course, I soon convinced him that she was mistaken; but it made me cautious."

"I should think so; but he is only twenty-three, isn't he?"

"Yes. The other day papa brought home a lovely little Swiss picture which reminded both of us of the places in which we stopped that Summer when we were abroad. I showed it to Jack and said: 'I love to look at it, it reminds me of so many pleasant things; I was just eighteen then.' I was about to add that it was five years ago when papa came in."

"You might have known he would."

"So I might. He said; 'I see you are admiring my new picture. Glad you like it—it reminds me of a place in which Nell and I stopped when we were over in the Summer of '88!'"

Where Did He Get It?

I looked for Croker—on a throne;
A throne of light I found him,
With many men that I have known
Assembled there around him!
Tim Sullivan, and Martin, too,
And poor old Patrick Divver,
And Sheehan, eke, and Donohue.
(All names that make you shiver!)
They toasted him in this and that,
They lauded him sky-high,
They drank, I think, at least a vat
Of most delicious rye!
They gave him, too, a loving cup,
And filled it to the brim,
And drank and drank the liquid up
With patriotic vim!
And he—he thanked them with a heart,
That overflowed with thanks,
But HOW HE GOT IT formed no part
In these abnormal pranks!

LA TOUCHE HANCOCK.

LETTERS FROM THE PEOPLE.

Three Children Born on Sundays.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Will you kindly inform an anxious parent if there are any tokens in a mother giving birth to her children on Sunday? We have had three children and they were all born on Sundays—two girls and a boy.

A JOURNAL READER.

New York, Feb. 7.

Canada 3,315,647 Square Miles; the United States, Exclusive of Alaska, 2,966,095 Square Miles.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—I had a dispute with a young man over Canada and the United States and Territories, exclusive of Alaska. He claimed Canada, the main body of land, was larger than the United States and Territories, exclusive of Alaska; I claim it is not. Please give area of both the Dominion and the United States.

P. M. D.

Chicopee, Mass., Feb. 5.

Assistance Wanted.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Kindly inform me a masquerade costume for a young girl and how to make it, as I do not know what to be.

SWEET SIXTEEN.

New York, Feb. 7.

It Is a Legal Holiday.

Editor Journal:

Dear Sir—Would you kindly inform me whether Lincoln's birthday is a legal holiday in this State. I have a wager on this subject, and would like you to answer as soon as possible.

SIMON H. WALDMAN.

New York, Feb. 7.

Hymen and Politics.

[Rochester Herald.]

General Harrison is about to lead a bride to the altar, Governor McKinley has just celebrated his silver wedding, and General Alger has married off his son, Russell A., Jr. Hymen is playing a conspicuous part in Republican Presidential politics.

Indemnity.

[Chicago Inter-Ocean.]

If the unspeakable Turk should conclude to kill Miss Clara Barton and the bearers of the Red Cross we expect Uncle Sam would be so mad that he would have the people meet and pass resolutions, and demand a money payment for damages.

Wait!

[Philadelphia Ledger.]

At least eight Presidential booms are now sweeping over the land, and no two of them have collided as yet. This is a great country.

A $100,000 Coin.

[Public Ledger.]

An international gold coin of the denomination of $100,000 and multiples thereof would facilitate the shuttle movement of the metal from side to side of the Atlantic.

Vast Possibilities.

[Baltimore Herald.]

The most interesting and perhaps valuable use to which the Roentgen light may be put has not yet been mentioned. By its aid it may be possible to see the machinery in the heads of some of the reformers and watch the wheels go around.

LITERARY SHOP-TALK.

That an end-of-the-century man should take to cooking is as natural as that a woman of the same period takes to bloomers, and that he should tell the dear public all about it is the most natural of all. This Mr. Deshler Welch has done, in a little green-covered book, with bi-metallic decorations, handsomely printed by F. Tennyson Neely. "The Bachelor and the Chafing Dish" he calls it, and in it Mr. Welch has provided a feast for heart, mind and palate, for there are cupids galore, there are essays, and there are recipes. At times Mr. Welch even drops into poetry; poetry that, despite the paprika, may be accounted for by the author's fondness for Welsh rarebits, but poetry that not even pepsin tablets, warranted to act on the mind, could make digestible.

The gentle feminine influence—the eating feminine, not the cooking—pervades the volume, which is dedicated to "Her." For frontispiece there is a picture of Her arranging her rebellious locks in the narrow confines of a hall bedroom, just after a shopping expedition at Lacy's, and, scattered all through the pages, among the dissertations on "Jim's Mushrooms," "Tutti-frutti for Poets," "Fitznoodle's Digestion," "Lunching with Grandmother," etc., are little left-handed tributes to Her such as this: "The more she may be mentally equipped to preside over the kitchen realm, the less she seems inclined to have anything to do with it," and again (after a dinner with "Jim"), "Oh, but it was all very hearty and chummy, and we would wax warm in friendship over it. Does any woman know that? Does any woman realize the honest, pure feeling of affection that one man may have for another—that feeling that is never lost as long as life lasts?" No, Mr. Welch, she doesn't; but she realizes the honest, pure feeling of affection that one woman may have for another—man, and there is a deal more in it.

The most delicious chapter in the book, not barring the recipes, is the Diapason with the open-handed Nym Crinkle. It seems that Mr. Crinkle, along with James Clarence Harvey, B. B. Valentine, "George," "Jim," "Tom," and other noted persons, possesses Mr. Welch's friendship. Mr. Crinkle also possesses a country place out in the Ramapo Hills, where "God visits." So does Mr. Welch; a country place most deliciously described, where "big logs of wood warm into an embrace of comfort" and a magic lamp throws its cathodic rays in a "search to each other's hearts," and here, one Autumn day, when the rainbow splashed on the foliage, came Mr. Welch to see the "rosy apples wink," and here he was betrayed into some of his worst verse. Mr. Crinkle left off philosophy and donned a gingham apron—fancy it!—and the author of the Chafing Dish "cavorted with the puppies" and concocted luscious prose, between boiled potatoes, juicy steaks, mushrooms and scrambled eggs; or he "rolled through the Autumn leaves," digesting "cider and milk" and watching Mr. Crinkle's cook making her "pumpkin pies upon the kitchen step." What a pastoral life, full of out of doors, for the cook and for Mr. Welch!

There is a nice, easy and thoughtful glossary, for those who do not know French or the chafing dish, preceding the serious portion of the book, the recipes for curried rice, pork cutlets, sausage, "hash that mother used to make"—perish the thought!—chafed duck, smelts, which "have the singular perfume of violets and syringa"—ye gods of indigestion!—stewed codfish, oysters, lobster, terrapin, crabs, etc. Some of these recipes are safe, if you do not mind taking oceans of time, trouble and paprika, but alas! most of the concoctions gotten up by the Bachelor and the Chafing Dish should be taken, if taken at all, a la Professor Dowd—with a stomach pump afterward.

"The Life of Lincoln," now running in McClure's Magazine, has proved so popular that the conductors of that journal have arranged for a legitimate successor to it in the shape of a series of papers on General U. S. Grant, which are designed to give a vivid and interesting picture of the real Grant who played such an important part in national affairs.

John R. Musick says in the Home Journal that Stevenson wrote "Dr. Jekyll and Mr. Hyde" while he was in the Sandwich Islands, and that the novel was the offspring of a bitter religious war between Rev. Father Damien and Rev. Dr. Hyde, D. D., who has charge of the mission school in this city for the training of preachers. The controversy between the priest and Dr. Hyde waxed warm, and Mr. Stevenson espoused the cause of the Catholic priest. He threw his whole soul into the conflict, and for a while it seemed as if we were likely to have a religious war. Dr. Hyde, able, sharp and cutting, answered him from the pulpit and through the press, until the contest became personally bitter. Mr. Stevenson had up to the time of the controversy, it seems, entertained a high regard for Dr. Hyde, but, as the wordy war grew bitter, he fancied he discovered in him a dual nature. At times he thought the doctor the very perfection of a gentleman, a scholar and a Christian; at others he seemed a very demon. This idea seemed to grow with his morbid fancy, and he conceived from it his wonderful novel.

Mr. H. C. Bunner is travelling through California in search of health and literary material. He is accompanied by Mr. Schwarzmann, the publisher and principal owner of Puck, and during the trip a careful study of the political sentiment of the people will be made, and Puck's policy during the coming campaign decided upon.

The current number of the Peterson Magazine reproduces a number of Mr. Dolph's amusing pictures of cats, one of which—that of the kittens with the cigar—has the true Ronner quality. The Chicago University and Mr. John D. Rockefeller, who gave seven and a half millions of money to that seat of learning, are portrayed with due enthusiasm. The paper on the Cleveland Sorosis contains a portrait of a Miss Stewart, one of the Sorosebuds, who seems so sweetly pretty that she might let the world go unwhipt for a few years.

The Pocket Magazine contains one of the best of Conan Doyle's Brigadier Gerard stories. Kipling's "The [illegible] She's a Lady" is in the ballad me[illegible] he handles so well, but the drum and [illegible] of the soldier songs are lacking.

If the big magazines w[illegible] split themselves into convenient lit[illegible] volumes like this they would c[illegible]rich the [illegible]ried reader. Think of each number of [illegible] Century in three volumes!

The Ladie[illegible]ruary gives the first i[illegible]ued story of Ella Re[illegible]ontains its accusto[illegible]nd departments

Caught in the Metropolitan Whirl.

He was not the countryman of the comic papers. His hat was a commonplace derby that fitted him very well; his hair had been cut during the month and seemed destitute of hay germs, and his clothes were not any funnier than they were fashionable. And yet he was undoubtedly from the country, and when he spoke he used a valuable magazine dialect.

He stood near the stamp window on the Park row side of the Post Office, and looked as if he were trying to make up his mind to do something disagreeable to him. At last, after watching people buy stamps for at least twenty minutes, he hesitatingly approached the window and said meekly:

"Hate to trouble ye agin'."

"Whachuwant?"

"You remember I was here yis'day?"

"'So? Whattuvvit? Whachuwant?"

"Why, ye see I bought some stamps an' I thought they'd be all I'd need till I went back ter Fitch Holler, but I wrote a letter to Marthy, an' I sent her a calendar an' it took every stamp I hed, an' so I'm 'frald I'll hev to trouble you for some more."

"H'many?"

"Always read ther warn't no profit in stamps, an' I feel reel mad at m'self 't I didn't git 'nough yis'day so's not to bother ye twice."

"H'many?"

"Well, ye might let me hev two."

"Four cents."

"There 'tis. Guess they'll do me. Sorry to hev troubled ye."

"Tha'swhatmeerfor."

The crowd that had been impatiently waiting to buy stamps now pushed the citizen of Fitch Hollow to one side and proceeded to "trouble" the stamp seller without any compunctions.

A woman, perfectly dressed, entered the smoking car of a suburban train bound for New York yesterday morning. The men who saw her supposed that she intended to pass through. Half-way down the aisle, however, she dropped into a seat. The gentleman who occupied the seat behind her leaned forward and touched her on the shoulder.

"I beg pardon," he said, "but this is the smoking-car."

"Thank you," she replied, "I thought so."

Then, calmly, she produced a dainty silver cigarette case, abstracted a cigarette and a wax match, and in a moment more was smoking with all the calm enjoyment of a man. There was a flutter of amusement through the car; smiles, grins, sotto voce remarks, and curious glances in her direction; but she seemed so serenely unconscious of it all, and so thoroughly self-possessed, that she was soon forgotten for the morning papers. When the conductor came through he was almost overcome.

"Madam," said he, "this is no place for ladies."

"Indeed!" she replied. "Is not this the smoking car?"

"Yes, ma'am."

"Well, I am smoking; that is why I am here."

"Nevertheless, madam, I must request you to go into another car."

"A request with which I must refuse to comply, and which I do not think it would be policy for you to attempt to enforce," she returned, calmly, and she settled herself back in the seat with an air of such offended dignity and positiveness that the conductor, after thinking very hard for a moment, sighed and passed on.

The woman did not wear bloomers and was not mannish in any particular. She seemed as refined as a woman could be.

Those writers who invariably refer to artists as shiftless and improvident folk ought to leave out some of the industrious young men who hang the product of their brushes on the walls of the New York Academy of Design. The night before the sailing of a swift ocean steamship a few days ago there sat in a West Side cafe a quartet of gentlemen with long hair and Vandyke beards, and as they sipped their absinthe the tallest of the party remarked: "Well, boys, I'd better be off, for we sail early."

His companions looked at one another significantly, and then their spokesman said, soothingly: "Come, Vic, you're going abroad for a couple of years. We know you haven't sold a sketch in six months. Tell us—confidentially, of course—how you managed it."

"Simple enough," replied the tall man, seating himself again and smiling affably at the ceiling. "I sold my furniture and all the goods and chattels of my studio."

"Why, man," the trio exclaimed in chorus, "you didn't have anything in your studio."

"True," responded the fourth man, with the Vandyke beard, "I didn't the last time any of you fellows were up. But I longed for the Latin Quarter, so I went down on the Bowery and along the East Side and bought a lot of old stuff for just about nothing. I had it carted up to my place, and then gave out a quiet tip that an artist about to sail for Europe would dispose of the contents of his atelier. In two days' time I had realized 946½ per cent from giddy old things and matinee girls. Well, good-by, chappies. Hope to meet you on the boulevards before long."

Then he passed out into the night, while the three who remained at their absinthe fell into deep thought.

Yvette and Kankakee.

[Chicago Tribune.]

It is interesting to learn from Mlle. Yvette Guilbert's own confession that the most amusing thing she has heard in America is the name Kankakee. She says she laughed an hour when it was first mentioned in her hearing. It almost canceled her failing to see "ze peeps" at the stock yards.